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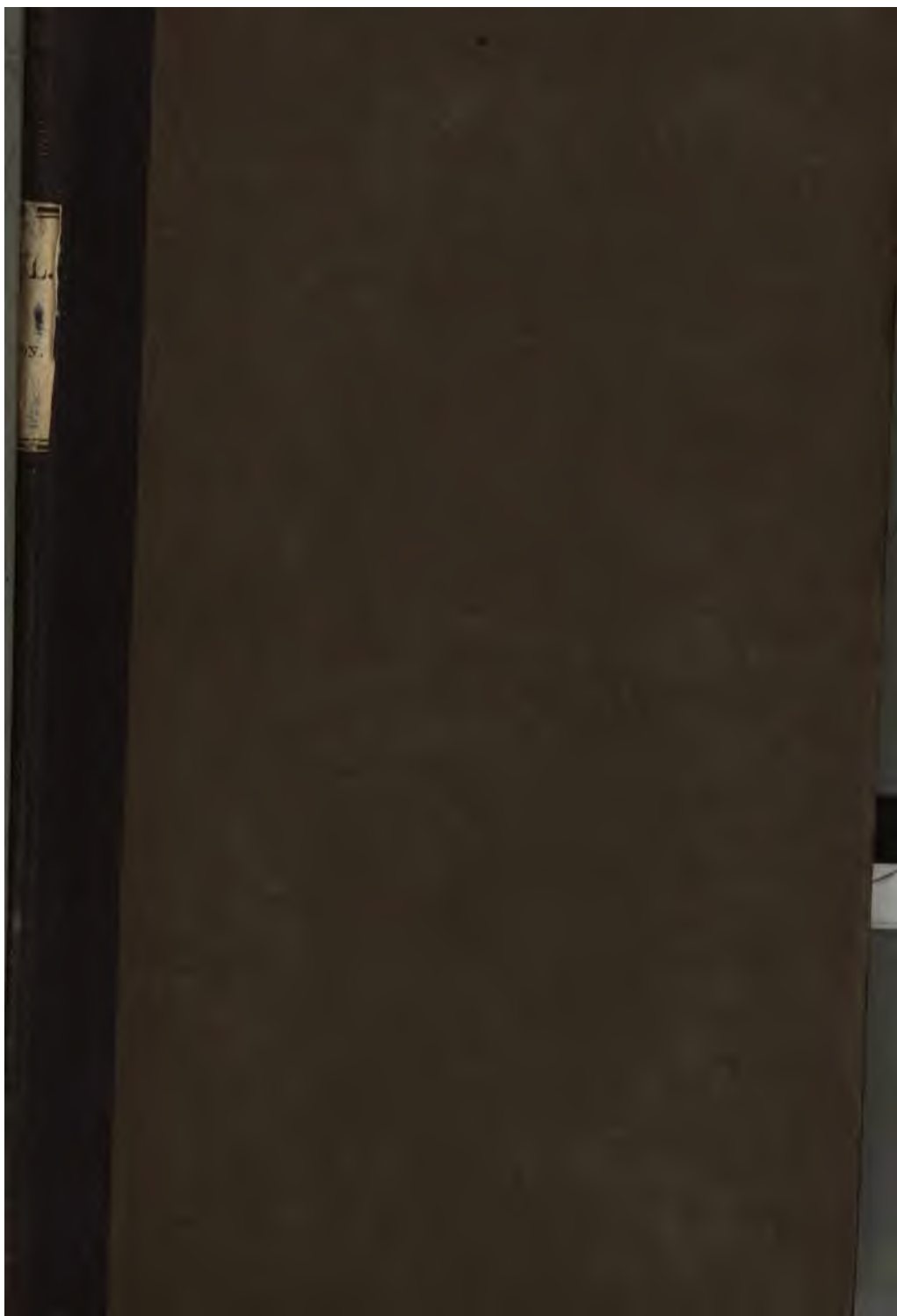
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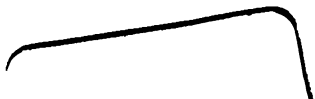
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VERY SUCCESSFUL!

BY
LADY BULWER LYTTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

"There is a twofold fortune wherewith we are to enter the lists; good and ill, prosperitie and adversetie; these are the two combats, the two dangerous times, wherein it behoveth us to stand upon our guard and to gather our wits about us: for they are the two schooles, essayes, and touch-stones of the spirit of man."—

Of Wisdome, the second booke,—by PETER CHARRON, A.D. 1600.

"Perieramus nisi perissemus."

"Not from the chance of Fortune's wheel,
Nor from the dust—affliction springs;
The troubles that believers feel
Are but God's blessings in disguise;
And like Ezekiel's visioned rings,
The wheels of Providence have eyes.—
JOSEPH SNOW'S "Churchyard Thoughts."
*Ezek. i. 18.



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AT THE "CAXTON'S HEAD."

1856.

[THE AUTHOR RESERVES THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION.]

249. V. 178.



NOTICE

TO THOSE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

THE *job* of going all lengths to abuse this work and its Author, in short, of translating right into wrong, and of perverting white into black, is reserved to "*My Grandmother's Gazette, The Literary,*" "*The Assineum,*" "*No Quarterly*" or "*New Quarterly,*" or whatever that leaden production is called, and the other especial myrmidons of that Literary Inquisition, "*The GUILT of Literature,*" to whom writing scurrilous ANONYMOUS letters to the Author, purporting to be from "*Influential Reviewers*" (?) is also stringently restricted. For the abuse of *such* animalculi, the Author is most grateful, as criticism, or what is called such, really *does* possess Epictetus's two handles. For example, Scaliger cites the fourth book of Horace as execrable, and Heinsius quotes it as one of the master-pieces of antiquity! *Ainsi, consolez nous, quand même ?* for

"Pulchrum est accusari, ab accusandis."

All the Author hopes is, that it may turn out to be the *same* gang of male and female Infamies employed before by the great Literary Bombastes, in the *too* blackguardly Llangollen Conspiracy, (of which there are such reams of proofs, and such clouds of witnesses,) who have again been employed by him, to feloniously obtain her papers from Lord Lyndhurst's porter; as she

is only awaiting the result of the *pretended* investigation through the "Circumlocution Office," and of the Post Office Prig Master General being back-staired a *leetle* deeper in the affair, to make public the whole of this *last* iniquity, so utterly disgraceful to *all* concerned in it, whether as pretended dupes, or cognizant accomplices, as *this phase* of the dastardly and permanent conspiracy with which she has to contend, once exposed—the *rest* must naturally follow past the power of perjury or puffery to refute, or of cant and conventionality to vituperate, great as those two bulwarks of vice are in English society. For there *is* a point of persecution and oppression beyond which *even* a woman's legal slave-owner is not, by the law, at least of *opinion*, permitted to go ; or if he does, he must expect that *even* a wife will share the other earth-worm's prerogative, and turn, when so trampled on, and that too, without being deterred by any fear of the additional *sourdes menées* of the fulminating ELOHIM of a *not* omnipotent, though thoroughly unprincipled, Literary *cliques* on the one side, or those of a routed, ridiculous, disaffected, and demoralised gang of political Bashibazouks on the other, as from an intimate and *bitter* knowledge of the dregs of each, she alike despises, and defies both. But, who, say they, will defend a solitary victim against whom a phalanx of the strong, and a cohort of the "clever" unscrupulous are leagued ? The answer is brief, and to *them* may appear feeble, but they may yet, to their confusion, live to find, that out of such weakness, when *too long* and *too brutally* trampled on, springs up a giant's strength. Tacitus tells us, that under the simplicity of Agricola the Romans failed to discover the great man ; and in like manner, under the apparent helplessness and friendlessness of their victims, tyrants often fail to discover, *till it is too late*, the small, still, unsuspected sources which Omnipotence converts into the flood-gates of Its Retributive Justice, and while exulting in their hitherto invulnerable armour of *REPUTATION*, and tauntingly asking their victim, "Who,

poor worm, will avenge *you*?" the worm, when they least expect it, finds a voice to name the Avenger that shall echo, trumpet-tongued through all posterity, the words—

"Moi ! vous dis-je, ça moi, plus robuste que moi !"

It is further recommended to Bombastes, (by way of a salutary, and above all, an *economical* change, which has great charms for him,—a *saving* grace being the only one that he possesses,) that he should *try* to believe in God, instead of in spirit-rappers ! who have already so shamefully deceived him ; as they positively assured him that his victim's death was to come off last June twelvemonths ; whereas she, the semi-immortal wretch, can assure him on far better authority, that there is not the least chance (always barring accidents, or sudden good fortune, such as her brain being turned by a widow's cap!) of her dying these thirty years. So although he has changed the *venue* from the Pykes and Gettings—sent to *scrape acquaintances with*, and administer little *Palmerio* anodynes to her—to spies of the he-Barnes breed, sent down to "Spread-Eagles" and other pot-houses, to make *tender* inquiries about her health, and ask if she is not *dropsical* !!! (Scarcely, considering that from Bombastes' ceaseless conspiracies, ever since he turned his victim and his legitimate children out of their home, to make way for his then mistress, Miss L——a D——n, the munificent four hundred a year,—minus the Income-tax!!!—which he allows her from his own costly vices and superfluities, has been reduced to a hundred and eighty! so that she is compelled to write in order to meet the expenses his persecutions entail upon her,—she, having no Platonic or other pensions from any one,—which deprives her of the means of having any beverage but *water*, and that has never yet, even among modern discoveries, been accredited for its dropsical tendencies.)

Now, it would be far better and infinitely more *prudent* to curtail this terrible expense of ceaseless *espionnage* of

the *lowest and most blackguardly description*, and *not*, in order to meet it, deduct the Income-tax from the beggarly pittance he allows his victim, and which she has always such a hard struggle to obtain. Yea, verily! this *would* be better and wiser, that is, more *politic*, than even telling those great bought-and-sold donkeys, "Free and Independent Electors;" or those bacon-fed tools, the Agriculturists, (whom it is really cruel to *cram* with *more Bacon*, though he was a lord,) that it was "that great protestant princess, Queen Elizabeth, who was the first that gave the English people the bible!" as the startling novelty of this piece of information by no means atones for its total deficiency of truth, any more than the pecuniary remuneration the "Spread-Eagle" spy may receive, will at all compensate to him for that rough handling he is likely to meet with if he *persist* in his *honorable* mission; as the place where his victim now is, being, as it were, a penal settlement, where Assizes are held and Judges congregate, there are many there, determined vigorously to expose any continuation of this dastardly, dirty work. Let Bombastes be warned, then, in time, and let him remember that "*Furor fit læsâ, sæpius patientiâ*," and *exposure* is the *only* defence against, or cure for, such dastardly villainy,—a villainy, which to those who are neither silly Misses, nor unprincipled Profligates, may certainly be easily accounted for, but will scarcely be *excused* by that bundle of bare-faced plagiarisms, steeped in brothel-philosophy, which he calls *his* works!



CHAPTER I.

Substance and Shadow; shewing that all is not
Gold that glitters.



THE season was what we traditionally call "the merry month of May," the time noon, the *locale* Thread-needle Street, when an exceedingly *voyante* and vulgarly, because glaringly - appointed, yellow (not orange) chariot, only redeemed by the goodness of the horses, which were large, thoroughbred and high-stepping greys, stopped at an office door, the windows of which were secured with a thick cross-barred grating, like those of a prison, while on the thickly-nailed and iron-clamped black

VERY SUCCESSFUL.

"Here, then; I suppose you must have said the latter, with a groan, as he handed two more deeds out of the box, one of which Phippen appeared to read the endorsement attentively.

"Surely you don't object to *that*?" inquired the borrower nervously.

"No, no! that will do very well!" And tying all these mortgages together, Mr. Phippen unlocked a large iron safe, with its five ponderous locks, threw them into a hole, and, re-locking the safe and consigning the key to his pocket, said—

"Now I'll write you a cheque for the amount, which having done, and handed it to the broker evidently thought their business that day at least, was at an end; Mr. Phippen, in transferring the cheque to his pocket-book, said, in his most affable and pioneering manner—

"When *will* you come and dine with us?"

"You really wish it?"

"My dear Sir! *can* you doubt it?"

"Well, you've asked me so often that I'll dine with you to-morrow."

Now it so happened that although Mr. Phippen was as innocent as the child unborn, the "Court Journal" or "Morning Post," Mr. Montague Sedgemoor, was much acquainted with the

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Losing one is
Phippen also
adding—
we only want

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Susannah Simmons, a young lady of great sensibility and shrewdness, whose acquaintance he had made at the Rosherville Gardens, had assured him, only on the previous Monday, that "*Them* elderly *gents* was always the worst;" and surely Susannah ought to know about the elders? "Ughh! if I thought so, and could only *catch him out*," mused the moral Montague, grinding his teeth and wringing the neck of the soda-water bottle, which luckily was not a chicken, "wouldn't I ——?" but whatever Mr. Sedgemore *would* have done was opportunely, or inopportunely, prevented by the sudden popping of the soda-water cork, and the contents of the bottle flying up into his face and all over his shirt-front, which considerably damped his ardor and cooled his courage, without, however, allaying his suspicions, which were, on the contrary, rather increased by the Anacreontic manner in which Mr. Phippen quaffed another bottle of soda-water he had at length succeeded in bringing to him.

CHAPTER II.

In which many strange occurrences take place ; some of a nature sufficiently mysterious to have increased Mr. Sedgemore's suspicions, and sufficiently equivocal to have confirmed Miss Susannah Simmons' theory of elderly gentology ; more especially as the sequel proves, that there is no fire without smoke, any more than no smoke without fire.



It is in vain to ecry hero-worship as long as the decriers confine their labours to lapi-dating and trampling those who have been born idols or chiselled by the great sculptor, Destiny, out of the quarries of time merely to mould others of the coarsest and commonest clay and stick them in the places of the former, thus converting a Pantheon into a bear-ward. And therefore it is, that though

in youth, but
 years. And
 ordeal the old
 going through a
 of the woodbine
 through the
 a branch of the
 tried his face in
 is perfume; but
 le distance from
 delicate tracery
 ol, bowery look
 -n ran into his

e branch from
 e same;—fair,
 Fool! to be
 n my old age

over his eyes,
 be sleeping.

*
 is Hazeltree-
 nd alighting
 Mr. Phippen
 out of the
 himself, "well

VERY SUCCESSFUL.

let me out and you may go on to Brentford, and
 and bait your horse; but be *here*—let me see
 now a quarter to five—then be here at a quarter
 to nine *exactly*, and wait till I come. What
 your number?—947."

"Very good, Sir, a quarter before nine.
 this here basket with you, Sir, or leave it in
 cab?"

"No, no, give it to me. 'Egad! a pretty thing
 I had forgotten them after bringing them all
 way." And so saying, Mr. Phippen tucked the
 basket under his arm, and proceeded up the
 till suddenly stopping and looking about him
 uttered the following soliloquy, which
 indeed have occasioned Mr. Sedgemoor to
 far more compromising conjectures than even
 soda-water had done.

"'Gad! I haven't brought her last letter
 I'm sure she said Hazeltree-lane, and that I was
 go on till I came to where three roads met,
 I should see a public-house, and I was to inquire
 there the way to Hazeltree Cottage; but that
 she could possibly get away from her mother,
 come and meet me. 'Pon my life it's funny to
 take a house and not know where it is. Well, in
 mind, as long as she and they all are happy
 comfortable, though I suppose Bob's at school
 wish I could have come down here before, with
 sent Sarah Nash to get the place ready for them."

CHAPTER III.

A long Chapter, in which a short episode of a long tissue of Infamy is recorded, by one who refused to join in it.



HAVING been so particularly ordered to look at Mrs. Levens and her cap, to which Mr. Levens, with the trembling fore-finger of his right hand was still pointing, Mr. Phippen raised his eyes, and slowly turned his head in that direction, but very much with the cowed look of an old pointer, under the shadow of a raised cane, when he is told to look at the bone he has purloined, the article of wearing apparel he has torn, or any other misdemeanour he may have committed. But even when he ventured upon a more assured stare, he was not much the wiser for what he saw, as, in the first place, Mr. Phippen was no judge of millinery,

and did not even affect to be so; therefore, although Mrs. Levens' cap, with its weeping-willows of green and pink satin ribbon, *was* hind part before, *he* did not see any thing remarkable in that circumstance, but only concluded that, as it was the fashion to wear bonnets on the shoulders, it was also the fashion to wear caps in an inverse style. And in the next place, although Mrs. Levens was kicking vigorously—rather too much so he thought, considering the part she was representing was that of a fainting lady—still, as he had told Mr. Leatherby, *not* keeping horses, he was no judge of kicking any more than of millinery—therefore, what struck him as the most peculiar incident with regard to Mrs. Levens' situation was, that all this muscular restiveness was taking place in the arms of a tall mildewed-looking young man, of a cadaverous complexion, and lank black hair and mustachios, and as Mrs. Levens was exceedingly fat and short this young gentleman had the greatest possible difficulty in preventing the globular mass intrusted to his protection from rolling out of his arms on to the floor. Now it was not so much this graphic illustration of *multum in parvo* even that puzzled Mr. Phippen; but (to use the expression of his own thought) “what part in the play this young man acted?” Was it chance that had caused him to be so heavy-laden, or was Mr. Levens' family conducted upon the same principles as

"Come, be off; will you? There's *no* fire only a gentleman that rang the fire-bell lark."

And in a second this produced the effect of dispersing the mob, so that only the *habitués*, or who were bred to the bar, and could afford to pay their way, remained to form a select round the landlord and Mr. Phippen, who latter favoured them with the particulars of the invasion of

"THE FOUR ALLS."

"It *was*, as you very justly remark, Sir Mr. Levens, now mild and sweet as a glass of own milk-punch, "*most* imprudent for me to leave the house without a soul in it; for the risk of being a gentleman like yourself, was worth the risk of being a gentleman—(what a Janus Mr. Phippen has been! since ten minutes before he was a villainous man; however, it only shews how plentiful (?) gentlemen are, since five poor make one)—it might just as well have been a burglar or ticket-of-leave man. For *my* self I should have enjoyed the joke of your ringing the fire-bell exceedingly, had it not been for Mr. Levens; but she's extremely nervous and as you see, Sir."

Mr. Phippen looked about, and seeing a glass window, behind which were roast chickens, a tongue, and some cu

VERY SUCCESSFUL.

ray fulfilling,
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rous's dinner-
I must find a
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n, and dogs—
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mpts to blow

his progenitor's flute, bassoon, and French-
at once. At length he panted out—

"Where! where! where is the fire?"
Phippen's languid appearance, leaning ag-
bannister, and fanning himself with his h-
firmed the illusion.

"No! no!" said he, as soon as he him-
recovered sufficient breath from his exer-
speak; "there's no fire. Ah! get me a
water?"

"A glass of water! Ring the fire-bell fo-
of water!—and ring it, too, as if all Lon-
on fire, Sir. I don't care *who* you are;
are *no* gentleman! Gentlemen don't com-
house like this to call for a glass of water
of water, indeed! And above all, they d-
the fire-bell to order it!—water, indeed.
want water, there's the Thames; and it'
but what you'd been soused in it before
come into a respectable house and fright-
males as you have done. Look at Mrs.
Sir—the state she and her cap are in. I
happened twenty-five years ago, Sir, it mi-
caused her death, and that of my son, Sir
and ——" But here Mr. Levens was s-
with passion that it requires another cl-
give it vent.

VERY SUCCESSFUL.

in a toast he

arm-bell never
than it was

I hope not ;
he mistake I
king to you

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face a hiss ;
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'm surprised,
unt of—your
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• I may say
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r. Phippen,
ty, to shew

only right to
settle here.”
you another
now that I

Mr. Levens excused himself, thinking he
finish the bottle when his guest was gone.
Mr. Tom Levens, having no such future
“seized the present and lived to-day;”
took the second glass.

“Come, come, to drink Mrs. Levens’
persuaded Mr. Phippen, blandly replenish
landlord’s glass, “as you used to do, I have
doubt, in the days of your courtship. Most
men that are worth having are generally
but seeing what a loving couple you still are,
be, ’egad ! you must have been regularly
and-eyed together—ha ! ha ! ha !” Mr. Tom
taking the initiative in laughing at his
execrable pun, which, however, was loudly
by Mr. Levens, senior ; but Mr. Tom
who seemed to think it was no joke, swallowed
sherry instead.

“And pray,” said Mr. Phippen, “which
grandfather’s—I mean his paternal grandfather’s—
numerous and all equally meritorious ancestors
does your son follow ?”

“None, Sir ; for his grandfather Hook
second-hand books, and for many years did
printing of the hand-bills and such like
about Brentford, and, indeed, I may say, at
Turnham Green ; so it was his wish, and
wife’s, that he should be in the literary
which he’s had a first-rate education.”

could not be very SACRED, *quoique sacré*, to her.' 'Oh! but respect to her position,' said conventionality; *he* had not left *her any* save one of honest superiority, which, as it arose from herself, it was not in *his*, nor in his myrmidons' power to deprive her of. Then what *was* she to respect? Surely *not* the iniquitous laws that allowed a woman to be so treated, nor the vicious and immoral society which tolerates such conduct; and least of all the opinion of a certain obsequious clique of the press, which panders to, puffs, and protects such infamy. The silliest thing that ever tyrant did is to leave his slave *nothing* to lose, to hope, or to fear, for *then* comes the reaction; the pigmy springs into an armed giant, and the trampled worm is, *for the sake of others*, willing to become a martyr to a cause of which they have been so long a victim; and of this overreaching folly the 'clever' Sir Janus Allpuff had been guilty. 'Oh! but his talents,' simpers some Miss, to whom they, no doubt, appear, as compared with her own, *very great*; but his victim, being an exceedingly well-read woman, could not even bow down to and worship *them*, looking upon him much in the light of the ass which carried the relics, from having read the most of his works *in the authors from whom he transferred them*; and, moreover, having more original ideas in her own head than *he* ever purloined from anybody else's. So, finding there was

VERY SUCCESSFUL.

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 of his

victim's whereabouts. But at length even so
 very bungling plotter as this very '*clever*'
 felt the hum of the play could not last for
 consequently the plot began to thicken, and
soi-disant Mr. Leyton was sent, with a w
 who had every appearance of being a street-w
 in *person*, and under the name of Barnes.*
 phase of the plot consisted in getting into the
 house as Sir Janus's victim, and giving he
 trouble and expense of getting out of it; and
 later period of the plot, this low fellow B
 wrote her a most infamous letter, the handw
 of which was *precisely the same* as the letters o
soi-disant Leyton. But as Sir Janus A
 invariably adopts the opposite *verbal* virtue to
 particular vice he may be at the moment pract
 about this time he was seized in the Hou
 Commons with such a '*generous*' (a favorite
 of his) horror of the under-hand and the anonym
 that *he* would like to have every article in a
 paper signed with the writer's name! But s

* As according to our charming and equitable laws,
 greater the truth the greater the libel," the author of this
 would be only too glad if this Barnes *alias* Leyton, *alias* str
 player, and always spy *would* bring an action against he
 she might get his infamous employer thoroughly unmask
 all his infamous literary gang in a Court of Justice; as s
heaps of documents and shoals of witnesses to establish the
 this disgraceful conspiracy, in which the women "Pyke
 "Getting" were concerned. And *public exposure* is the *only*
guard against such utter blackguardism and cowardly ruff
 as their vile employer has had recourse to. As the case
 paralleled, so must the mode of dealing with it be.

he must have uttered this *fanfaronnade* full conviction that such an absurd would or could be passed; for, other dreadfully high wages some of his work would require for some of the *pro* and *con*, which they are ordered Shocking to think of!—for it almost *mal* in one's 'mind's eye' Sir Janus *himself* such a state of pecuniary destitution as even sufficient to pay for a raspberry less for a literary one! Thus hunted miserable and remote village in which taken refuge, Sir Janus's victim leaving any one know the place she was which so exasperated her tyrant to that should, even for a week, a day or an from his persecutions, that the next miserable pittance he doles out to her and from which he even deducts the In he positively refused to pay it to solicitors till he had a *clergyman's certificate* the place where she then was, guarantee was alive!—and this he no doubt thought 'clever' way of finding out where she honesty is always not only braver, but than rascality, not only because it has fear, but because *all* resources are with and as his victim was determined not this disgusting, though at the same

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VERY SUCCESSFUL.

ridiculous, piece of petty tyranny,—a ven-
 lawyer of hers, and one as honest as he i
 soon brought that contemptible wretch Si
 and his rascally attorney to their ser
 writing them word what he would de
 disgraceful swindle which he calls an al
 was not instantly paid. Of course he soon
 out his victim again, but his spy (every
 being forewarned) was sent about her bu
 a manner that must have rather surpri
 and 'her gifted' employer; and as now
 a talk of a general election, with what he
 and Fudgester would call those '*high* and
 instincts' for his own safety which never q
 I suppose he will keep quiet for some litt
 and he *had better!*"

"What a contemptible, dastardly set o
 guards, to be sure!"

"You'd say so, Sir, if you knew as
 them as I do."

"'Egad! I think you've told me quite
 How old is this Sir Janus Allpuff, and wha
 a looking fellow is he?"

"Well, Sir, in years, I don't believe he
 more than fifty, but from the horrible lif
 led he looks eighty; however, in the puffs, c
 all this is attributed to his literary labou
 person is not so easy to describe; it is the h
 goat on the body of a grasshopper. But

be by any means ill-looking, if he could get rid of that damp disconsolate look—"But, ah! poor fellow," thought he, "having been connected with that d——d paper has made him like it; for newspapers are always damp and uncomfortable, when first they issue from the press, till they are aired. Well, I must see if I can't air this poor young fellow a little; he deserves a helping hand for his honesty." So mused Mr. Phippen, and thus he spoke—

"Well, I don't exactly want a tutor, for, 'egad! I'm rather too old for that, and I haven't any youngsters; but I'll tell you what I *do* want, which is what they call a foreign correspondent—that is, a clerk who can write French and German letters; and as you can do that, if you like to do it for me there's a hundred a year at your service, and a half-holiday Thursdays and Saturdays, and a whole one on Sundays of course, and my name is Phillip Phippen, of No. —, Threadneedle-street."

"Oh! Sir, *do* you really mean it?" asked both father and son in the same breath.

"I always mean what I say; so if the proposition suits you, you may consider the affair concluded, and be at my office, at No. —, Threadneedle-street, at nine o'clock next Monday morning, the day before this day week, unless you prefer a longer time."

"Oh, no, Sir! *sooner* if you wish it, as any time

CHAPTER IV.

What would Mr. Sedgemore think ?



ALLOW me, Sir, to carry that basket for you, said Tom Levens, as they turned down a lane to the right, leading from "The Four Alls."

"Much *obleged* to you, but I prefer carrying it. I like the look and smell of the leaves ; 'tis like walking through a vineyard."

"Well ! it's live and learn," said Mr. Phippon, as they walked along. "'Gad ! I can't help thinking of the pretty tissue of blackguardism you have revealed to me to-day, as practised by *some* of our legislators and literati ; it is only another convincing proof that the sense to conduct sense is worth every other part of it, for great abilities are much more frequently possessed than properly applied. But no wonder we have so many wickedly-crooked laws, when we have such a set of precious

VERY SUCCESSFUL.

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subject, and the one being a ridiculous fiction, and the other a ridiculous reality, we are acting off the stage pretty much the same farce *now*; only, and fortunately, it is not restricted to ONE act. *Here* we are, within fifty yards of Hazeltree Cottage," added young Levens, suddenly stopping and pointing to a small old-fashioned ivy-covered tenement that stood in a sort of lawned garden "that is it, Sir, so now I wish you good afternoon."

Mr. Phippen, who was a pretty shrewd observer of character in his way, that is, when he thought it worth his while to observe it, was pleased with this little trait of his new clerk's not accompanying him quite up to the house; "For," said he himself, "a pushing, vulgar-minded fellow would have done so, and, moreover, have lingered on to find out what the deuce was taking me there, and all about it. I'm sure Sedgemore would, for oh 'Egad! I begin to take an interest in this young man;" and to shew that he did so, after Tom Levens had taken off his hat, wished him good-bye, and was retracing his steps home, Mr. Phippen called after him—

"Tzit! ho! Mr. Levens!"

"Did you call, Sir?" said the other, returning.

"Yes! Do you know, I think we have both done a very foolish thing, in entering into such sudden engagement, for *you* know nothing about me, and I know nothing about you, except that

VERY SUCCESSFUL.

and have
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like pro-
d lamb I
e walked
Tim, the
nd begin
for Mrs.

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the feast
ed to the
upon the
w skeleton
d egg-shell
specially on
doubt, had
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concoction
y quips and
nore faintly

ch and sack
rity seem to

But as he mused, two shadows of unequal length fell across the dingy flower-show of faded Brussels carpet; and in looking for substance he saw a lady in weeds, accompanied by a Blue-coat boy of about ten years coming hastily up the flagged walk of the garden.

"'Egad! here they are!" cried Mr. Phippen as he went to the door to meet them. "How d'ye do, my dear? Positively you look two years younger already for this mouthful of cold air! And how are *you*, Bob? Famous! Those crocus stockings, aren't they? As good as seven-leagued boots for walking home in, Bob?" And Mr. Phippen winked in a scan-
sort of manner, as much as to say, "Tell entirely a piece of secret history between and me, Bob, that your mother need not know anything about."

But while Bob smiled, blushed, shewed dimples in both his cheeks, hung his head, seemed to be practising a pantomimic court tooth-drawing upon the tassel of his soup-cap, which he had doffed to Mr. Phippen, his mother began a speech of thanks for her home, and apologies for being absent on benefactor's arrival, but broke down at the onset, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Well, 'egad! I suppose I *must* be angry

n the same
 old play of
 you never
 : time, and,
 freading ;—
 How could
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 there does
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 among the
 , come and
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 atterton, "I
 grapes and
 ts, I've no
 t with *them*
 ess end ? So

VERY SUCCESSFUL.

"Nonsense, my dear ; make the salad, s
 let your thanks end when my dinner be
 you value my digestion."

"Dear me ! have you not dined, Sir ?
 had known that, and you should have h
 thing hot."

"Then you might have eaten it yourself
 you circumnavigated the globe—as Swift s
 be done, before a washerwoman can go to
 fast—you could not have got me what
 better ; for like Mrs. Siddons, if I *have*
 ness, it is for cold lamb and salad."

Mrs. Chatterton smiled, took off her bon
 proceeded to make the salad as Mr. Phipp
 self had taught her how to do ; for like all
 who are *not* incomplete, and who, therefor
 palate as well as an appetite, he was a litt
 a *gourmand*, though not the least of a *gou*
 he seldom exceeded three glasses of win
 so he was wont to observe that the art in
 like art in everything else, consisted in no
 it be perceptible in *what* the art consisted.
 this we beg to append an aphorism of o
 the result of long experience and deep
 namely, that sugar, salt, and onion, the tris
 of the culinary arcana *cana*, are when
 that is skilfully employed as condiments to
 what tact is to manner ; and that is an uns
 cause of a charming result.

half-starved mechanic's widow in shabby
 "but I have nothing on that can spoil."

"Nonsense, Ma'am! I suppose you have
 lungs on, and if they are spoilt it is not to
 repair them or to get new ones; but, I
 pardon, the offer of my umbrella was
 pretext. I wanted to ask you about some
 of my own." And so saying, Mr. Phippen
 hoisted our old friend the brown gingham
 established himself as walking-gentleman
 the widow. "The fact is, ma'am,"
 "I heard you inquiring just now if
 they wanted any work done? It seems
 but *I do*. Haven't a shirt to my back
 rather a back to my shirts; they ask
 them, want something doing to them.
 I believe the shortest way and the best
 be to have a set of new ones at once
 you think so, ma'am?"—and here he
 her face, as if he quite expected
 reverse the state of affairs between
 Coverley and *his* widow, and
 Phippen, "a whole coal mine to keep
 linen."

"I have no doubt, Sir," said
 modestly, "I shall be able to repair
 it is not too far gone;" as if she did
 too ambitious were she to grasp at
 of making a set of new shirts.

"Well what of that? Do you know of a doctor in my way, and I dare say able to prescribe something for her that her."

Mrs. Chatterton made no further opposition accordingly preceded him up the creaking of the very last story, amid that mosaic of odours peculiar to town poverty in its forms, from the poisonous bad tobacco artizan, and the vapour of his *missus's* Bohea and molasses sugar, down to the by no means less offensive, atmospheric *permanence* of cats, apples, and children. Upon opening the door of this garret voice from the bed, between the parashort, dry, hollow cough, said—

"Dear heart, Jenny, I thought you come back; and there's Bob crying because poor Billy is dead. But as I shall soon follow the poor bird if this goes longer."

And hearing the sound of loud sobbing of an old woman's cough, Mr. Phippen turned to the window of this shelving room, under it on the floor, saw a pale looking boy, between nine and ten, with a bird-cage beside him, a piece of withered hanging between the bars, and a few husks strewing the floor of the cage.

had done so the discomforts of the lodge Church-street having no longer any attraction to him, he took up his quarters in a more comfortable position—namely, at the Blenheim Hotel, in Church-street. The cottage in Surrey, however, after a few months residence, too damp for the lady's rheumatism, he begged they would not scruple to look out for another abode, which he had the means of doing, as he had set aside a hundred pounds a year on each of them for life, and whichever died first, her hundred pounds was to revert to the survivor; for, as he quaintly to express it, "If you pretend to be good people, what is the use of doling them out a slice of bread for their breakfast, and saying if you will, ask me for it?—which most likely they will do so if you have any sincerity in your intentions, better to give them the loaf at once, and let them help themselves as their wants arise, instead of saddling a fresh obligation upon them with an additional crumb." However, finding it better to remove from the cottage in which they were settled, and which to them, appeared, by comparison, a perfect picture of a seeing Hazeltree Cottage advertised very attractively in the advertisement for them, merely sending "*Sarah N*" to verify the likeness between the re-

the Creator should be the most oppressed by for honored they were when our Saviour d to be born of woman, and to enter Jerusa an ass. But had you women less of the ass in that is, less patience and passive endurance self-elected lords of the creation could *not* you as we do. But people never are helped help themselves, nor pitied till they feel themselves; and 'gad! as a sex, you only know *complain*. And until you are *unanimous* in some slight justice and protection from lature, instead of being split into factionsilly and the selfish, who, not suffering care not how much their sex may suffer you are leaving the field clear for the tyrannical of ours, in the interest of it is to keep the iniquitous laws for girls as they are, and continuing to crucify St. Peter was crucified, *with their wards.*"

"Indeed, what you say is only too true it is this aggregate of silly selfish women the cause such dreadful injury, such by most part, as profligate as the men. they care not how oppressive and unjust may be against *them as a sex*, since the position of smugglers, to whom the ex the excise and custom duty is nothing, not effect *their* illicit dealings; on the

termination. 'Gad! I think if I had t
Newton I *would* have starved before I c
eaten a shilling of it, for, all said and do
blood money."

"Ah! Sir, she had a daughter," was t
only defence of her husband's relative.

"'Gad! I forgot that; yes, I see, sh
help taking it, but it was a pity too."

And this was as explicit a way of o
self vanquished as if Mr. Phippen had
arms at a tournament, or said, "I gi
prize-fight. But in order to cover h
well as possible, he added—

"Now, my dear, give me a cup o
tea."

"No wine, Sir? You need not be
for like all else in the house, it's your
gave us; and there is some very good
beer, not brewed by *us*, but I know th
brewed, as we get it from a farm hou

"Neither thank you, for I, foolish
allowance *before* dinner. I'm glad y
me 'drunk and disorderly,' for, to as
this place, I turned into one of those
everything is ordered 'to be drunk on
and, therefore, I suppose *everybody* is
so too; it was up yonder, at 'The F
Levens's—a very honest man appar
pedigree as long as my arm, of psalr

Arab came in
Mr. Phippen
large cup to

"I hope
it you of
, for you
wants a
to look at

u know."
d for the
ing now,"

! the birds,
o that you

out an old
to feed the
proach his
courage to
loved him
not only as
first in his
[ago's idea,
and taught

VERY SUCCESSFUL.

her son to think that that kind old man
deed

"A daily beauty in his life,
That made all others ugly."

Nor was she far wrong; so that the chi
was tempered with a sort of awe, such a
Catholic might feel for his patron saint.

"Have you, my boy?" said Mr. Phipp
ting his head.

"Shew it to Mr. Phippen, dear. I'm
will be glad to see it; for it was his prize,
history and general good conduct."

And away went Bob to the farther chin
and returned with his fine green-and-gold
of Longfellow, and, blushing up to his ears
how he was proclaiming his own honors, he
over the leaves until he came to that cl
Legend of Wurtzburg, which Longfellow
exquisitely versified, and pointed to the line
Vogelweide, the minnesinger of its ca
dying—

—"Gave the monks his treasures;
Gave them all with this behest,
They should feed the birds at noontide,
Daily on his place of rest."

"Poor fellow!" cried Mr. Phippen, "
rest all the better for it in his narrow bed
when he read on to where the portly ab
his veto against the poor little aerial ch

heritage as wanton waste, and how they, poor pilgrims, came—

—“In vain o’er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bells rang noontide,
Gather’d the unwelcome guests,”

he closed the book, and, shaking it as vehemently as if it had been the utilitarian abbot’s neck, said—

“Egad, Bob! I only wish we had that rascally abbot here! And if he *must* thwart and annoy the poor birds and rob them of their rights, it should be as a scarecrow; for you and I would hang him up to the highest cherry-tree we could find, wouldn’t we?”

“That we would!” cried Bob, clapping his hands, in great delight at the mental panorama before him of a fat abbot dangling as a chatelaine from a cherry-tree.”

“’Pon my life! this seems very pretty poetry though; not that I’m a judge,” said Mr. Phippen, as he again opened the volume and looked through it. “I’m surprised! for I thought the Yankees thought of nothing but

‘Dimes and dollars,
Dollars and dimes;’

and that in America as in England

‘An empty purse was the worst of crimes.’

’Gad! I’ll buy this book.”

clear sky, with its young crescent moon vibrating white clouds, through which and then some star would flash like glance."

"Well, it's surprising to me," said drawing his eyes from the Heavens, and his thoughts aloud, "that people don't more trouble to get there."

"Oh! Sir, when you come down," said Robert Chatterton, "may I not c

"Well, I don't exactly know how Bob, as I cannot *fix* a time for coming me, there's the cab. I'm sorry we have to go; but, bless me, Bob, I was nearly a terrible over-sight. You know you me just now about school-games and my time; and there was I, very near the most time-honored and popular of

"Indeed, Sir!" cried the boy, getting to him, while his eyes dilated in the thinking he was at last going to hear new, or at least not known there, to school with him.

"Why, yes; wasn't that too bad? little giddiness is excusable in young me. It is this. You must know, Bob, time, whenever youngsters came home or elders went there to see them, it a matter of course (and, indeed, I've b

dropped, and your lady picked it up and was a calling arter us with it, that's all."

"*My Lady*, indeed!" echoed Mr. Phippen as he threw himself back into a corner of the cab, which now made another start, and this time an effectual one.

CHAPTER V.

The little great World of London. The Parvenu's Dinner. The fine people Mr. Phippen finds himself amongst, without bring, in fine, much related therent.



HERE is not much room for description in the costume of even the most elaborately-got-up modern *élégant*; consequently there is, of course, still less in the toilet of Mr. Phippen upon the day that he was to dine at Sir Titaniferous Thompson's; so that it may be briefly summed up as a particularly *soigné* specimen of the florid Gothic. The flowered black satin waistcoat, the "*very tasty thing*" with which he had so maliciously tried the nerves of the bran-new baronet on the previous day in Threadneedle-street, *was* in requisition, but only modestly in the background, under a white one of

theatre, or Bartholomew fair; could not have been quite as thought himself, considering the had taken, and the reams of paper in letter-writing, never to hooking even one legacy, the be-sotted old Lady Dives the provision for her One of the many strings (not believe it was) had been the lifetime of her foolishly, and not and laugh over him but as Mr. Jericho playing exactly cleverer *vau rien* out the prosy *s* literally, and each were as interminable fat jointure. bear: the *lady* Mrs. Filmer Snobson Beaucherchise handsome! *mais ça* Brutus, and doubtless it was the loss of Prince Albert's prize, Lady S had made so well received at Co wasted secure, we were about talking to Mrs. Jericho them they divided the their respective lords and it only a sort of limit Jabber was only bon

that he makes Decius, in the p
Cæsar," in the conspiracy scene,
who doubts whether they shall be
Cæsar to come forth to the Capitol

" ————— never fear that;
I can o'ersway him, for he loves to h
That unicorn may be betray'd with t
And bears with glasses, elephants hol
Lions with toils, and man with flattery
But when I tell him *he* hates flatterers,
He says he does, *being then most flattere*

But where flattery, which is the legit
the hireling and the parasite, becomes i
to grieve and to wonder at is, when t
the noble stoop to the degradation of
Passing over more modern instances,
a feeling of deep regret and h
belonging to a species that can so
Promethean spark they possess
animals, can read that master-pie
eloquence, as it will for ever rema
of Cicero, addressed to Cæsar on
Marcellus, and not be moved also
ment that the transcendant talents
great patriot and defender of the
people of Rome should not only be
supplicate the invader of that liber
also grovel down into flattering hin
lips that had destroyed Cataline?

But *this* certainly is irrev

CHAPTER VI.

Where, among many great (?) men, Mr. Phippen meets with a gentleman; and as he (Mr. Phippen) rubs up some antique reminiscences of the Consulate and the Empire, he finds that old stories, like old fashions, come into vogue again, if kept sufficiently long; so that, all things considered, he acquits himself non re male, considering that it is his debut in High Life, either 'above' or 'below' stairs.



JUST as Mr. Phippen arrived at Dunnington House a cab drove up, and two men got out. One was a literary celebrity, and justly deserved to be such, as far as his very clever novels went; but, in gratitude to the ignorance and inanity of the Matrons and Misses of the fashionable world, of whom he was becoming *l'enfant chéri*, he had re-

figure, while from a study off the hall issued more guests, one of whom was the ic tropical-looking gentleman who had got in train with Mrs. Penrhyn and Sir C Kempenfelt, in their way down to Baron's this personage rejoiced in the name of I thwaite. The other two were of so ordin appearance as not to need a descriptic fact, they not only *looked* like Jones Smiths, but they *were* Jones and Smith, f were their respective names. Having all these to precede him, so that he might very last, Mr. Phippen followed the groo chambers upstairs, who, though he ha enquired the name of that unknown p was not able, or affected not to be able, it, so that after all, that worthy man, who content with his own good name, was a by the better known and more aristocrati "Mr. Phipps, my lady."

Whereupon Lady Georgiana, havin her cue, and anxious to give it to her g and greeted the last arrival with the mos civility. Indeed, had Mr. Phippen tho it (which he did not), he could no remarked that, instead of that super-a bad manners so rife in "good" (?) so generally produces for every unkno impertinent stare, legibly demanding

UL.
d, and Mr. Phipps
ad! I'll stick to the
ood pilot for me as
undings here, and w
e people are." It l
the programme that
quished honor of tak
n to dinner; but, comm
he had not availed hin
not be expected to offer
ot take the numerous
and hostess, but walke
erie, keeping up a convers
in the crowd, and, ther
e was obliged to be taken
own Lord Celendon as sh
ing her pace to his hobble
one was at length seate
ad secured Mr. Bouverie
that on his left he had
ile upon looking down the
e vicinity of Sir Titaniferous were
black graces," Hebblethwait, Smith
s if to keep his eye upon them, for
ould say or do anything worthy of
; for nervously susceptible as Lady
was about all his *lèze bienséances*, he
ling the ladder, was ten times more
uching the sayings and doings of those

London world in particular; and as a instance, to illustrate this wise saw, he told Lady Goldacres the desperate *set* Lady Dec had made at *him* for her daughter, Lady before she married Lord Belville."

"Dear me!" put in a little *espiègle* who was on his left, a Mrs. De Crepigny, who had gone to all the chapels, and listened to all the sermons with a quiet smile, but, who being a friend of Lord Belville's, could not let Mr. Beauchamp pass. "You surprise me, Mr. Beauchamp," she thought, and so did everybody, that Mr. Beauchamp had found for Constance what she *always sought*—rank and money!"

In which, though more *exigente* than Mr. Beauchamp was more fortunate than she, for *cherche*, as *he* had passed his life in the search for the latter of these two boons; and with the exception of Lady Dives' little globe of El Dorado, had not succeeded in obtaining it. This melancholy reflection upon the unequal distribution of prizes in the lottery of life, had only silenced him for some seconds.

Mr. Jericho Jabber had by this time been completely covered from the effects of the awkward *pied* he had received in Mr. Hay's country-dance; and as he fancied himself a *compère*, Sir Janus Allpuff, the Boastful party, (though in every other re

"Why, yes; as the English ladies are certainly more brutally than any other beasts of burden in our firm."

"Yes; but a set of profligate fellows belonging to that clique, will twaddle with tongue and pen about marriage."

"Which would be all very well if there were a single law, human or divine, sufficient to compel such men to have any regard for the welfare of *they* have all the poor wretched women of marriage, the poor tyrants' pleasure, should know their tyrants' pleasure, but the cruel those said marriage ties, but the cruel I, I am sorry to say, in *our* general chance of their obtaining the slightest the great principle of English legislation, the great aim of our social convention to be the screening, upholding, and chartering profligacy in men, whose heinous, are always considered in 'private affairs,' and so deferentially accordingly."

"Gad! that is precisely the state of affairs. But here their attention was arrested by the host exclaim—

"Oh! oh! my dear Lord Pendarvis, allow *that*."

"What are you *aux prises* with Lord about, Sir Titaniferous?" languidly dra

VERY SUCCESSFUL.

"Does your Lordship forget," said delighted to refresh his mouth with names of so many lords and dukes, "the repeated acts of pecuniary kindness to his exile from his former noble company at the time they relieved his necessities could have supposed that his life would published and their generosity proclaimed?"

"No, I do not forget it; and that another argument to my budget. But being—had been not only their former credit but oracle; and, as they still had sufficient for him *when they were asked*, but not being you, to put their hands in their pockets given with their *heads*, they would have saved their money and have ensured more of *tude*; for a little poor old Beau's misfortune; change of the poor to have taken together, and caused them to have some ment to secure this poor creature from his few remaining years; he is evident to be trusted with money, so we must trust to some one for him." In short, done for him at first what Mr. Armstrong gentleman at Caën, did for him of his latter days might have

did the rest, and effectually brought the
her eyes ; and again she sighed, and the
sigh was genuine, being the echo of
prayer of "I hope to Heaven De Ba
his off-hand good-natured way, won't
out that Harcourt Penrhyn in the
claim relationship with him on Flo
And in order to get rid of so disagreea
and change the subject, she said a
Phippen—

"I heard you talking of dear Paris
Bouverie. I suppose, Mr. Phippen
travelled a great deal ?"

"Too much."

"Too much, oh ! one can scarce
much."

"I think one may, if one has been :

"And *you* have been shipwrecked
De Baskerville, clasping her snowy
most interesting manner, and hangin
of distress from her still beautiful
turned them full upon her companion

"Only once, Madam, only once."

"Surely that was enough?" And
accompanied this query, though
seemed to ring discordantly in Mr.
as he replied with some asperity—

"Quite, Madam ; only some fools
so twice."

VERY SUCCESSFUL

"Hallo, old fellow!" cried a young man rising up from where he had been of to the abbatis, binding the arm of Russian soldier, who had fallen from with his handkerchief; catching hold, of the coat tail of an equally youthful officer, who was rushing on, sword in hand.

"Don't stop me, Penrhyn," said the other, "for I've sworn I'll be first in at the Red I'm fricasseed by the way, or my Dunham Massy."

"I understand," laughed Harcourt; "I want to let the present generation know is such a name, and give future on remember it. All right, my boy; go better, held a Russian rifle-pit yesterday."

"Pooh! that's nothing; like a mermaid billiards. But I'll shew you the work out for myself to-day, so don't go and st upon me. Do you see," continued the young Massy aside by the lapel of his pointing to the Malakhoff—"do you see regular blue and black rag, waving so over all that we are doing down here?"

"Yes; well?"

"Well, I've taken a great fancy to have pocket-handkerchief, that's all. Un damé."

sage. Still, as *you* say, if I am *not* fricasseed *en attendant*,—and truly the ground is strewn thick with warnings."

"Out upon them!" exclaimed the other boy-hero, as he added, in the words of Othello, waving his sword—

—'Behold! I have a weapon :
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh ;'—

only I have *not yet* seen the day—but I *must* see it—

'That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh! vain boast!
Who can control his fate?'

And if it *is* my fate to fall, instead of to conquer, I tell you what, Penrhyn, if the route is changed, and I'm ordered to Heaven, instead of getting into the Redan, send this ring to my mother, will you? And—and—tell her," added the young man, resolutely gulping down the tears that trembled in his voice, and throwing a smile over his face, "that

'It is not in mortals to command success,'

you know."

"I will," said the other, "and I'll also tell her that you 'did more, for that you deserved it.' But I have a mother, too! Well, I must not

are *not* to be wasted on those who *selves* so lavishly to them.

But, to return to the other boy Penrhyn, exclusive of his own inclination which precluded his thinking of for a wife, loved his mother's devotion of gratitude, too much to think of entering a family who had treated her with such neglect; and yet there were in the presence of Florinda, and in of those bewildering eyes of principle, filial affection, gratitude gave way! The world was wide boundless expanse there appeared beings—Florinda and himself! his egotism, he would sum up his failings, endow *her* with them *all* her. But hatred, like love, will not finding *that* impossible, he would himself for days.

But never yet could love be conceived, and the efforts generally made are so awkward, so exaggerated, that only make it the more appalling, therefore, Harcourt's unexpected sudden coldness, nay, almost rudeness Florinda knew—that is, she *felt*—that On her side there was not the same

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CHAPTER VIII.

The Drunken Soldier.—The Vinandiere.—The
Lost found.—New Anatomical Phenomenon ;
or, the Doctor puzzled.



HOUGH not more than nine o'clock when Lord De Baskerville had set out, it was past one before Florinda, who had never moved from the seat where he had left her, perceived, more with a sort of spiritual *clairvoyance* than by her physical sight, the long watched-for boat returning; but as the moon was now waning, and thick clouds gathering for rain, only the eyes of the heart would so soon have descried that long coffin-like phantom skimming the waters, and have *seen* the strokes of those muffled oars that could not be heard. For a moment every pulsation which had been so tumultuous before, was suspended, as she

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to try and find some sort of conveyance to have the poor creatures removed. When I came to the trench the sight was too horrible, for it looked like a *Campo Santo* turned inside out; and there, as could not go below the surface, I probed in vain. I then made the tour of the open as far as I could and was returning in despair, fearing he might have fallen inside the Redan;—but, determined to stay there all night and wait the morning light,——”

Here Florinda kissed his forehead.

“And just as I got back to the trench, I saw French *chasseur d’Afrique*, exceedingly drunk, trying to achieve three impossibilities, namely, to stand steadily by balancing himself on his heels, to catch hold of the *Vivandière* whom he was importuning for *encore une goutte*, and to sing in the midst of a most insubordinate hiccup—

“ ‘Mon système est d’aimer le bon vin,
Nos amis, la dame qui nous aime,
Quelque peu d’ouvrage, et point de chagrin
Voilà le vrai bien; ou je n’y connais rien;
Dinga! dinga! dinga! dinga! dong!
Ah! que j’aime à sonner un batême!
A Messieurs les maris j’en demande pardon;
Dinga! dinga!—(Hiccup.)

“ ‘Veux tu nous ficher le camp? Avec ton greli de dinga! dinga! dinga!’ cried the *Vivandière*.

“ ‘Donne moi donc une toute petite goutte Elle est là! elle est là! elle est là! morbleu

England will be our destination very soon, but not till all traces of the effects of that horrid wound have been flung to the winds either of the Bosphorus or Ægean, where we think of weighing anchor for, to-morrow. Oh! here come those tiresome mail bags; so good bye, for to-day, my dear cousin Mary. Don't hate me for my *name's* sake, but believe me *de cœur*,

“Your sincerely affectionate,

“FLORINDA ANDOVER.”

CHAPTER IX.

Letters from "Our own Correspondent."—The "Man of Ross" makes a scientific discovery, and, of course, as the natural consequence of so doing, threatens to write to "The Times."



APPINESS, like pleasure, is a game for which it is vain to seek; it must start before us or we never find it, and the reason is, perhaps, that all that is most exquisite in nature—whether in feeling, sentiment, perception, or sensation—is, to a certain degree—that is, beyond a certain point—indefinable. The lover, for instance, is generally at a loss to *define*—even where great personal attraction exists—the *exact* point from whence the electric thrill came, which at once revolutionised and subjugated his whole being; and yet this could

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these evening, as I am *beesy* upon a new discovery I have made *respecting* gun-shot wounds."

"Indeed! is it too scientific for us to understand?"

"Oh! no, it's sample (simple) and plain enough to the humblest capacity, or *I* should *never* have discovered it;" and here the doctor's grin corresponded with his accent. "Yer ladyship knows what buffing the kays (keys) of a piano is?"

"Yes—well?"

"*Wal*, ye see whan a bullet is covered wi lather (leather) in like monner, only it must be kad (kid) or glove-lather, the ball is rebuffed, or turned aside."

"But do they ever cover bullets with leather?" asked Florinda in great surprise.

"Not *ganerally*, but I have known it done with great effect; and thot's just the *amprovement* I mean to write to 'The Times' about, and suggest to the Board of Ordnance, because I thank (think)—"

"Do, for Heaven's sake, my dear doctor, give me my letters!" broke in Harcourt, his pale face now crimson.

"But really I should like to hear this improvement more fully explained," said the innocent Florinda.

"Another time," said the doctor, slowly taking the letters out of his coat pocket, and looking at poor Harcourt, as he did so, with a grotesque and

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CHAPTER X.

The awkward silence.—"L'amore dominatore."—
Barrocart, without threatening, writes to his
Mother.—Description of antiquities; and,
Confession of the oldest of all Antiquaries.



RUE love," says St.
Evremond, "resembles
ghosts and apparitions,
because every body is
talking about it, and
nobody has ever seen
it. Had St. Evremond
(*qui n'était rien moins
que saint*) lived in

these our days, he might have converted this
apophthegm into a syllogism, by adding, as the
consequence of his major and minor, that, like
ghosts also, nobody believes in it either; and yet
like many other things seldom seen, and on that
account not credited, it exists for all that; and its
being exceptional, only renders it the more intense
where it *does* exist.

"There, now!" cried Florinda, "you have hurt yourself in moving; if you do not keep perfectly still, I will not read to you."

"No, no!—it was nothing—only a spasm;—it is over now, and I long to hear what you have to read to me."

"The first must be the 'SHADOWS,'"^{*} said she, taking two Magazines off the table, "as the most appropriate, though I think the other the finest thing I have yet seen in modern poetry;" and she read first the following charming lines from "Fraser's Magazine," in her low, clear, sweet voice, which made to the harmonious lines a most musical accompaniment:—

SHADOWS.

"Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Floating far o'er the hills away;
As over the sky
The light clouds fly,
So o'er the mountains wander they.

"Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Sleeping soft on the meadows green;
Fair are the flowers
In sun-bright bowers,
But fairer the flowers those shades between!

^{*} Luckily, everything now-a-days seems to be admissible in literature, from re-writing other people's books to writing the puffs on one's own; otherwise the introduction of this and the following gem here, would certainly be an unpardonable anachronism, as "Shadows" only appeared in the April number of "Fraser," 1866, and "The Burial of Moses" in "The Dublin University Magazine" for ibid.

" Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Dancing light on the ocean spray ;
Changing each wave
From gay to grave,
Like the frowning smiles of a child at play.

" Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Sinking deep in the moonlit lake :
Where the mountains seem
As if viewed in a dream,
And a world of purer beauty make.

" Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
In the world without and the world within ;
For joy may borrow
A charm from sorrow ;
And charity smiles on repentant sin.

" Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Falling soft on the dazzled vision ;
When the tender thought,
By memory brought,
Temper the glare of hopes elysian.

" And there are shadows—merciful shadows,
Dropping like balm on the bleeding heart ;
When first it knows
That Love's flame glows
Stronger and purer when joys depart.

" Then bless the shadows—the beautiful shadows ;
And take this thought as you gaze abroad ;
That in heaven and earth
Shades owe their birth

TO LIGHT—AND LIGHT IS THE SHADOW OF GOD.*

N. N. S."

"Beautiful indeed!" sighed Harcourt, as he repeated the last stanza after her ; and, looking full

* *Lux umbra Dei*—an old Platonic notion.

But no man heard the trampling
 Or saw the train go forth.
 Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes when the night is done,
 And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
 Grows into the great sun;
 Noiselessly as the spring-time
 Her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills
 Open their thousand leaves;
 So, without sound of music,
 Or voice of them that wept,
 Silently down from the mountain's crown
 The great procession swept.
 Perchance the bald old eagle,
 On grey Beth-peor's height,
 Out of his rocky eirie
 Looked on the wond'rous sight.
 Perchance the lion stalking
 Still shuns that hallow'd spot:
 For beast and bird have seen and heard
 That which man knoweth not.
 But when the warrior dieth,
 His comrades in the war,
 With arms reversed and muffled drum,
 Follow the funeral car.
 They show the banners taken,
 They tell his battles won,
 And after him lead his matchless steed,
 While peals the minute-gun.
 Amid the noblest of the land
 Men lay the sage to rest,
 And give the hard an honoured place
 With costly marble drest;
 In the great minster transept,
 Where lights like glories fall,

And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
A'long th' emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted Poet
That ever breath'd a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour ?
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall ;
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, most wondrous thought !
Before the Judgment Day ;
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With th' Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell ;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well."

"That is indeed fine! No, we shall not quarrel,

is no one who has sense enough ~~and~~ soul enough
to marry suitable English words to ~~those~~ those exquisite
Spanish and Portuguese airs; for ~~as~~ as in Italian
songs, the words are so seldom ~~worth~~ worthy of the
music, so with us it is generally ~~the~~ reverse, the
music seldom does justice to the words ~~as~~." said she

"I was so completely of your opinion ~~on~~," said she
"that from this modinha I am now ~~playing~~ playing, I
uprooted all the hearts and darts, eyes ~~and~~ and skies
flowers and bowers, and adapted ~~those~~ those words of
Shelley's to it, which sounds to me ~~more~~ more like the
truth of the music."

"Do let me hear the ones you mean."

"I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE" E.*

I arise from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me, who knows how,
Beneath thy window, sweet!

Like all the airs of that class, the last ~~strains of~~ strains of
it were a sort of dying away in their ~~own~~ own sweet
ness, as if the theory of twin souls ~~was~~ was being
realized, and after a long, weary, separate ~~earthly~~ earthly
pilgrimage, they had at length met in ~~the~~ the realms
of bliss; and expanding their wings to ~~each~~ each other.

* Which has now been set by Charles Salama.

had, in one long first and last embrace, commingled their existence, never again to be dis-united. And these strains so exquisite in themselves, lost none of their emphatic intonation from Florinda's rich contralto voice. And as the now risen moonbeams danced upon the waters, one might have almost fancied it was to the vibration of those entrancing harmonies which were then sending their last echoes over them. A murmur escaped from Harcourt mechanically; for a moment he held out his arms, as if they had been moved by the sudden touching of a spring.

"You are ill; you want something?" said Florinda, hastily laying down the guitar, and approaching the sofa; "what is it?"

"Nothing," said he, raising himself on his elbow, as he seized both her hands and covered them with kisses so vehement, so burning, that they terrified her. "Nothing, but to die; for I love you, Florinda. Oh! but I love you, till my very *soul* aches again with rapture and with torture, one of which alone would be insupportable,—there,—there,—only let me lay my head for one moment on your shoulder,—only let me hear and feel the beating of your heart *once*, and I don't care how soon mine ceases to beat; and surely death would expiate even a greater crime than my love for you."

"And is it then such a crime to love—me?—I mean," said she, as she still leant her cheek

have discovered meannesses sufficient to bow down to you with. But monetary being the only one acknowledged in our country, *poor* birth has ever but a small share in it, even with those who profess to despise hardships it may be subjected to; for the same is more generally evinced by the well known example of a silent standing aloof, than by the demonstrativeness of kindly acts; and have I heard my poor mother say, that she had not said it, I should have seen it, 'that no one could form any idea of the intricate tortures of a false position, and have been condemned to it.'

"Ah!" interrupted Florinda; "it is more of the outward geographical world, more to *me* than the wall of China, and, unless *you* set about to defy any one, or any thing else to the contrary of doing so. Therefore, that said to be the best or its worst; contempt is a thing far from me."

"Ah! you think so *now*, my little sister, kissing the hand he held within the cage, have no doubt if the poor caged animals in the Zoological Gardens could speak, that they also heartily despise the nature of the people who goad and oppress them through their prison-bars with s-

VERY SUCCESSFUL.

Nevertheless, depend upon it, it worries them makes them feel sore enough when the day besides, in this, the world has always the tinge, that our contempt for it ever falls short mark; whereas, the slightest shaft of bar persecution or malevolence is sure to home."

"Not if one *won't* be a target; and as other pokings, why I'd retreat to the very most recesses of my den beyond their reach. the only barrier that daunts me is your But she *is* your mother, Harcourt; so despair, but trust to God's goodness, with His power, is infinite; and what wonders of His servant Time sometimes achieve!"

Harcourt's only reply to this was a sigh as he again pressed her hand to his lips, but once more fell hot and fast upon it.

"Nay now," said she, with a bright smile, is no use in your sowing my hand with kisses wash them away the very next moment with Besides, remember

'His tears are born of unbelief who sorrows without

"Now *I*, since you have *told* me that you me, am a true believer, and therefore *h* things, and can endure all things."

"Angel! if ever there was one," exclaimed straining her to his heart. "Oh! that

"Another heresy! if we twain are what we ought to be, one; but as no prisoner at the bar is required, or even allowed to say what may criminate himself, go on with the history of this new life-preserver, which we are now graciously pleased to hear."

And Harcourt close to her ear, and in a low murmuring voice, between a whisper and a kiss, gave her the whole history of the glove, which for some hours he had worn, not next, but literally *in*, his heart, till Dr. Ross had extracted it. "And *that* is what Ross was alluding to awhile ago, with his little, wicked, twinkling eyes, when he talked of writing to the 'Times,' recommending the Ordnance, for the future, to have bullets covered with kid."

"Oh, the wretch! and I innocently listening to him as if he had made the most wonderful discovery in the world, which, indeed, he had, at my expense. I have a great mind to put Cayenne pepper in his tea to-night, as another branch of science for him to explore."

"Better not meddle with edged tools, my Flo'; for the little man can be as sharp with his tongue as with his lancet, and it might be dangerous to provoke one who, like him, can, as you perceive, unwind secrets from one's very heart, and bring them to light," laughed Harcourt.

"He may thank his stars that I owe him a debt

fears for the future—revel in that prevailing common to lovers and to dogs in that if she could not be his—at all events him—she would be nobody else's; and the wonderful elixir was this reflection that the day he found strength to write a long letter to his mother, which began, naturally, by expressing his thanks upon the extreme and ceaseless care and anxiety he had received from *his cousin*, to whom he owed his kindness Dr. Ross had assured him, that in the endence, *she was indebted for still having him*, he thought a stronger way of putting it, which under Providence *I owe my life to*, began the difficulty as to the *pith* of the letter, as men *don't* write pithy letters, but they can cram the gist of the letter into an inconceivably small space under the pen, and he was a long way off from that, and the best plan would be to be geographical, and he was graphic touching what he was most interested for him; so, taking an hour for the Baltic, he went on to say—*dearest mother*, this little cruise is a world of good. As you know, *Strait of Gibraltar* the overflowing of the Euxine Sea formed the Propontis; and certainly on the north bank of the latter the waters gradually sunk; and its bed was filled up like those of the Euxine

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And now, Mother mine,
ever bless you. You now
shall know less than the exact
Grateful and affectionate son,

HARCOURT PENRHYN.

END OF VOL. II.



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moment's uneasiness.' And now, Mother mine, good bye, and GOD ever bless you. You now know *all*, and never shall know less than the exact truth from your

“Grateful and affectionate son,

HARCOURT PENRHYN.

END OF VOL. II.



111
112
113

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